Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A pitteous coarſe, a bloody pitteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawde in blood,
All in goare blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iu. O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere lookt on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heauie beere.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iu. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearеſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt*, is goue, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kild him he is baniſhed.
Iuliet. O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iu. Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt power the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke contayning ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all for-ſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome *Aqua-uitæ*

Theſe

Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrow
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iu. Bliſtered be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſh
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit
For tis a throne where honour may be
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him
Iu. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is m
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall
When I thy three houres wife haue man
But wherefore villaine didſt thou kill m
That villaine cozin would haue kild m
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your nat
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy,
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would ha
And *Tibalts* dead that would haue ſlain
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I
Some words there was worſer then *Tib*
That murdered me, I would forget it fai
But oh it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners m
Tibalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalt*
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be wranckt with other
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalt*
Thy father or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne Lamentation might ha
But with a rearеward following *Tibalts*
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)